¶ Here begynneth ỹ new Notbrune mayd vpõ ỹ passiõ of cryste

Ryght and no wrong
It is amonge
ỹ Iof man cõplayne
Aske yr mynge this
How we that it is
A labour spent in bayne
To loue hym well
For neuer a dell
He wyll me loue agayne
For though that I
Me sore applye
His fauer to attayne
yet yf that I shewe
To hym pursue
That clepyd is Sathan
Hym to conuerte
Sone from his herte
I am a banyllhed man.

¶ Maria the mayde.

¶ I say not naye
But the nyght and daye
Swete sonne as ye haue sayde
Man is vnkynde
His faythfull mynde
In maner is halfe decayed
But neuer the lesse
Through ryghtwysenes
They with be not apayed
yet mercy trewe
Muste contynewe
And not a parte be layed
Syth ye for loue
Came frome a boue
Frome your father in trone.
Of louynge mynde
To warde mankynde
To dye for hym alone.

¶ Jesus.

¶ Than ye and I
Mother marye
Let vs despute in fere.
Ryght hertely/ I you supply
your reason lette me here.
With man vnkynde
Hath neuer mynde
Of me that bought hym dere
If his folye
Shulde haue mercy
Ayenste all ryght it were
I am by ryght
The kynge of lyght
For man my blode out ranne
ye know a parte
yet from his herte
I am a banyllhed man.

¶ Maria.

Here in your wyll
For to fulfyll
I wyll not sone refuse.
To say the truthe

~ partaking of belongs to.

~ applicate. 2.

Plist. f. H. copy 61673

Moze is it ruthe
I cannot man excuse.
To his owne shame
He is to blame
His lyfe soo to measure.
yet though rygoure
Without sauour
Woldehym therfoze accuse.
Mercy I pleate
That is moze greate
Than rygoure ten to one.
Syth of good mynde
To warde mankynde
ye dyed foz hym alone.
¶ Jesus.
¶ The cause clode so
Suche dedes were do
Wherfoze moche harme dyde
Tho man and I (growe.
Came foz to dye
A shamefull dethe ye knowe.
Upon a tree
To make hym free
This loue I dyde hym showe
yet to my lawe
Foz loue noz awe
He wyll not bende noz bowe.
Thus my dere mother
Foz man my brother
Let me do what I canne.
Hym to conuerte
yet from his herte
I am a banysshed man
¶ Maria.
¶ O lozde of blysse
Remembre this (mone
Howe manues mynde is lyke ỹ
Is vnstable
Frayle / and vnstable
At mozowe / nyght / ne noone.
Though he vnkynde
Haue not in mynde
What ye foz hym haue doone.
yet haue compassyon
Of our saluacyon
Forsake not man so soone.
Awhyle hym spare
He shall prepare
Hym selfe to you anone.
With harte and mynde
Louynge and kynde
To serue but you alone.
Jesus.
¶ I can beleue
He shall remeue
His synne a daye oz twayne.
But lytell space
That god of grace
Wyll in his herte remayne.
It shall aslake
And he wyll take
His olde vsage a gayne.
So from his thought
I that hym bought
Shall be expoulsed playne.
Thus wyll he do
Swete mother loo
Do de ye all that ye canne.
Upon his parte
yet frome his herte
I am a banysshed man.
Maria.
¶ Swete sonne syth ye
To make hym free

Wold dye of your good mynde.
your herte sourrayne
Clouen in twayne
By Longes the blynde.
And all was done
That man alone
Shulde not be lefte behynde.
your goodnes euer
Bothe ayl & perseuer
Though he haue ben vnkynde
What is offendyd
Shall be amended
ye shall persayue anone.
He shall be kynde
yeldynge his mynde
And loue to you alone.
Jesus.
Matter in dede
My sydes dyde blede
For man tyght as ye saye.
yet ponge and olde
He neuer wolde
Unto my lawes obaye.
But to fulfyll
His wanton wyll
Wrechynchynge frō me alway
Frome his delyght
By day or nyght
He wyll make no delay
Lo mother he
Refuseth me
And tourneth hym to Sathan
Thus from his thought
I that hym bought
Am made the banyshed man.
Maria.
Bothe olde and ponge
He hathe done wronge
I graunt sone to the same
Rowynge at large
In Sathans barge
Empayryng his good name
Syth ye hym loue
I greate reproue
It is to hym a shame
I do confesse
By ryghtwysenes
He is greatly to blame
But I commence
Afore clemence
For man myne accyon
Let rygour reste
Mercy can beste
Determyn this alone.
Jesus.
Consyder nowe
Swete mother howe
Man is a wylde outlawe
Kenneth a boughte
In euery route
Worbynge ayenst my lawe
And yf the deuyll
Tempte hym to euyll
Theyr to sone wyll he drawe
And all myscheke
ys to hym lefe
Wythouten loue or awe
To me or you
Though for his prowe
ye do to all yecan
Whan all is sought
Quyet frome his thought
I am a banyshed man.

Though as ye say
He dysobaye
your commaundemet and loze
yet yf loue make
Hym to forsake
His synne / & wepe therfoze
with full contrycyon
Foz his transgressyon
His herte oppressynge soze
Contryte and meke
Is Dauyd speke
what alke ye of hym moze
My sonne / my lozde
your prophytes wozde
I pray you thynke vpon
And ye shall synde
Man meke and kynde
To serue but you alone.

Jesus.

Wyherte & mawe
To rent & drawe
And me with othes tobynde
Cheseth not he
Grace oz pytye
In hym can I none synde
The crewell Jewes
were to me shrewes.
But he is moze vnkynde
Syth foz his prowe
He knoweth well howe
I dyde of louynge mynde
Of me eche membze
He dothe remembze
with othes all that he can
Thus ofte I synde
Me in his mynde
But elles a banysshed man.

Maria.

Full well knowe ye
I yenst thyes thze
Man feble is to fyght
The deuyll / his flesshe /
The wozlde all fresshe
Prouoke hym day and nyght
To sue theyr trace
Whyche in eche case
Is wronge and neuer ryght
That thyne stabylyte
Of his fragylyte
I yensty them hath no myght
Though man that frayle is
Swere armes / and nales
Brane / blode / sydes / passyon
Swete sonne regarde
Your paynes harde
ye dyded foz hym alone.

Jesus.

Now foz mannes nede
Sith I wolde blede
And great anguysshe sustayne
In stony wayes
Both nyghtes and dayes
Walkynge in frost / and rayne
In clode / and hete
In dzye / and wete
My fete were bare both tway-
Though I foz loue (ne
To mannes behoue
Endured all this payne
That I therfoze
Shulde spare the moze
No reson synde ye can
Rather I sholde
Moze strayte hym holde

And as a banyſhed man
Maria.
Cyet my ſonne dere
I pray you here
What tyme poure reaſon is
Wannes ſoule to cure
ye dyde endure
Woche payne / I knowe well
To man all vayne (this
Shulde be your payne
If he were put to blys
For playne temyſſyon
Is my petycyon
Where man hathe wrought a-
ye be his leche mys
I you beſeche
To ſaulue his ſores echone
That he vnkynde
May chaunge his mynde
And ſerue but you alone.
Jeſus.
Cwyther or theder
He careth not whyther
He go hym to enclyne
To wyckydneſſe
From all goodneſſe
He dayly dothe declyne
In cardes and dyce
He compteth no vyce
Nor ſyttynge at the wyne
To fyght and ſwere
To rent and tere
Alondre me and myne
Lo thus he dothe
To make me wrothe
The worſt he may or can
And I am twynde
Out of his mynde
Ryght as a banyſhed man.
Maria.
Cmy dere ſonne dere
Syth ye the clere
Fountayne of mercy be
Though man be frayle
He may not fayle
To fynde in you pytye
He wyll I truſte
From worldely luſt
Turne his ſwete ſoule to me
And in ſhorte ſpace
So ſtande in grace
That I his ſoule ſhall ſe
To blyſſe aſſende
That hathe none ende
There to remayne as one
That hathe ben kynde
And ſet his mynde
To ſerue but you alone.
Jeſus.
Cman greueth me ſore
For laſſe nor more
Wyll he wons doo for me
Ones in a yere
A good prayer
He ſayeth not on his kne
The poure may ſtande
With empty hande
For almes theyr wyll none be
Bothe day and nyght
He flyeth the tyght
But ſolye he wyll not flee
His proper wyll
For to fulfyll
He doeth all that he can

But from his thought
I that hym bought
Am euer a banysshed man
¶ Maria.
¶ If man for you
Nor his owne prow
Wyll to no grace procede
Mercy or grace
A fore your face
He none deserueth in dede
But I your mother
For man your brother
Make Instaunce in his nede
Though he deserue
To brynne / and sterue
In the Infernall glede
Spare hym for me
And ye shall se
That he shall tourne anone
From his folye
Incessantly
To serue but you alone.
Jesus.
¶ Why shulde I soo
May let hym go
My dere mother mary
Syth his delyght
Is to be lyght
And deale so vnkyndly
For you nor me
He wyll not flee
From vyce / nor hym applye
My wordes to here
That bought hym dere
On crosse angu-yously
Bothe yonge and olde
He hathe ben bolde
To greue me that he can
But my precept
was euer vnkept
And I a banysshed man.
Maria.
¶ For ruthe & drede
Myne herte doth blede
Man in no wyse wylbe
By reason sayd
Nor yet apayed
From his offence to flee
For though that I
For remedye
Do all that lyeth in me
To haue hym cured
yet so endured
with synne & vyce is he
That to be shorte
what I exhorte
Not herde is / yet anone
I trust he shall
Make well his thrall
And serue but you alone.
Jesus.
¶ So rude and wylde
And so defyled
Is he / paste shame & drede
That to what lawe
He shulde hym drawe
He scarcely knoweth in dede
yet better were
For hym to lere
Some vertu / & procede
To grace than saye
Another daye
Alas my wycked dede
Hathe me betrayed

Lo thus good mayde
The doughter of sayncte Anne.
Man hath exyled
Frome hym your chylde
Ryght as a banysshed man.

Maria.

¶ Whan all to all
Shall come / he shall
I trust from hyce abrayed
And fle theyr froo
whiche hathe hym so
Encombered & arayed
He shall repell
Sathans councell
That ofte hathe hym betrayed
With full compounctyon
To take thy iniunction
That shalbe to hym layed
Of harde penaunce
And hym auaunce
To seche remyssyon
Full reconsyled
To you my chylde
To serue but you alone

Jesus.

¶ My cõmaundement
Neuer tontente
His hyghnes for to alowe
His Irous brayde
Wyll not be layed
For me nor yet for you
Myne yerte to trare
He hathe no feare
But dare it well a bowe
Pryde with hym goeth
In herte & cloth
Do wsay ye mother no we
By thynketh great ease
We to dysplease
By all the meanes he can
But whan my wyll
He shulde fulfyll
I am a banysshed man.

Maria.

Sonne though mannes blode
Be wylde and wode
Frayle as a fadyng floure
Regardynge nought
How ye hym bought
Out of the fendes powre
With hertely mynde
Euer enclyned
To be a transgressoure
I yenst your lawe
And though he drawe
Hym selfe to synne eche houre
ye may not soo
His soule forgo
Syth ye syttynge in throne
Wolde for his loue
Come frome aboue
To dye for hym alone.

Jesus.

¶ Mother your loue
I se the proue
To man is kynde & true
To haue his lyfe
Brought out of stryfe
Kyndely for hym ye sue
And yf he wold
His vyces olde
Forsake & take vertue
I wolde for ruthe
Seynge the truthe

And loue that ye hym shewe
Graunt hym remyssyon
Upon condycyon
That he forsake Sathan
That I may fynde
Me in his mynde
And as no banysshed man

Maria.

¶ Sonne your petye
And charytye
Was well perceyued & sene
Whan your pleasure
Was to endure
To lye my sydes betwene
Nyne monethes / and than
Be borne as man
And to bryngе hym from tene
In graue be layed
And me your mayd
To make of heuen Quene
And condescende
Thus at the ende
To graunte man your pardon
At my requeste
Wherfore shulde reste
Greate laude to you alone

Jesus.

¶ The poore at nede
To clothe and fede
Parte of his rent & wage
He muste bestowe
Remembrynge howe
All came of one lynage
Forsakynge synne
He may me wynne
And to myne herytage
I shall hym take
His soule to make
My spouse in mariage
For to persеuer
With me forеuer
With ioye she may say than
That she hathe wonne
A kynges sonne
And not a banysshed man.

¶ The translator.

¶ Regarde and se
O man to the
God is moche fauorable
Eschewe thou than
Repreue no man
Beware by dedes dampnable
In any wyse
Euer despyse
Sathan the decepuable
Thy soule beware
Out of his snare
Neuer be founde vnstable
Perseuerauntly
Reason applye
Justely let all be done
Endlesse solace
Shall he purchase
That serueth but god alone.

¶ Thus endeth the boke of the newe Notbrowne mayd vpon the pallyon of Cryste Imprynted at London by Johñ Skot dwellyuge in Foster lane wtin saynt Leonardes parysshe.